

MY DOLLY.

Yes, Fido ate Annabel's head off,
And now I suppose she is dead;
And Mabel has swallowed her eye-balls.
While Sue has a crack in her head.

But Janey has gone on a mission,
A regular mission, no fun;
Away across the wide ocean
She followed the setting sun.

I loved her the best of my dollies,
Far better than Mabel or Sue;
But doing your duty most always
Means something you'd rather not do.

When I heard of the poor heathen children
In their mud huts so filthy and low,
With hardly a thing to amuse them,
I knew it was her duty to go.

So I made her a lot of new dresses,
Of crimson, of pink, and of green,
The handsomest, loveliest dresses,
For a doll, that ever were seen.

I buttoned her up in her ulster,
I hugged her, and kissed her, and then
I sent her away to the mission,
And I never shall see her again.

I tried not to cry at the parting,
To be cheerful, and happy, and brave,
But still the hot tears would keep starting;
You know 'twas the best one I gave.

But I'm not a bit sorry I sent her,
This dear little dolly of mine,
For I feel just as if I had lent her
To Jesus, your Saviour and mine.

— Selected.

HOW IT BEGINS.

"Give me a half-penny and you may pitch one of the rings, and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you three-pence." That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a half penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or three-pence?"

"Three-pence," was the answer, and

the money was put in his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong.

A gentleman standing near him watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your half-penny and won six half-pence, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give his three-pence back, and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy."

He had hung down his head, but raised it very quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly, as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy, and doubtless made an honorable man. — *Morning Star*.

HOW TO KEEP FROM BEING BAD.

An anecdote is told of a native of Madagascar, who had embraced Christianity; and who was asked by a sea-captain what it was that first led him to become a Christian. "Was it any particular sermon you heard, or book which you read?" "No, my friend," replied the chief. "It was no book or sermon. One man, he a wicked thief; another man he drunk all day long; big chief, he beat his wife and children. Now thief, he no steal; drunken Tom, he sober; big chief, he very kind to his family. Every heathen man get something inside him, which makes him different, so I became a Christian too, to know how it feel to have something strong inside of me, to keep me from being bad."